

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?
 THE MUSIC BY
S. M. GRANT'S
 SO DEVOTIONATELY DEDICATED
 TO
 THE LOVED CIRCLE AT HOME.



ST. N. G.
BY THE AMPHIONS AT THEIR
 PRINCIPAL CONCERTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.
 BOSTON
 Published by OLIVER DITSON, 15 Washington St.

Entered under act of Congress in the year 1852, by S. M. Grant, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Mass.
 Leslie & Berry, N. York. S. Brannard & Co. N. D. Briggs, New Orleans.
 Cincinnati.

G. W. Brewster & Co.
 Louisville.

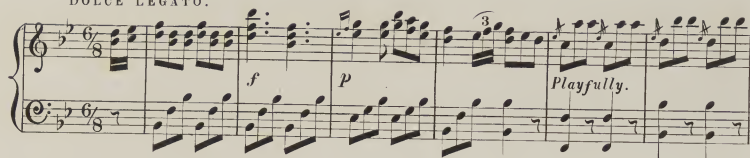
C. F. Chapin & Co.
 Boston.

Printed by J. W. Child, N. York.

Price 25 cts. each.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME

DOLCE LEGATO.



Do they miss me at home Do they miss me! 'Twould be an assurance most.

Sostenuto.

The vocal line is in 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

dear To know that this moment some loved one Were saying I wish he were here To

The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note bass line and chordal accompaniment.

feel that the group at the fireside Were thinking of me as I roam Oh yes 'twould be joy beyond

The vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Ad libitum.

measure To know that they missed me at home To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches the

season That ev-er is sacred to song Does some one repeat my name over And

sigh that I tarry so long And is there a chord in the music Thats missed when my voice is a-

way And a chord in each heart that a-waketh Re-gret at my wearisome stay. Re-gret at my wearisome stay.

3

Do they set me a chair near the table
 When evenings' home pleasures are nigh,
 When the candles are lit in the parlor,
 And the stars in the calm azure sky!
 And when the "good nights" are repeated
 And all lay them down to their sleep,
 Do they think of the absent, and waft me
 A whispered "good night" while they weep!

4

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
 At morning, at noon or at night!
 And lingers one gloomy shade round them
 That only my presence can light!
 Are joys less invitingly welcome,
 And pleasures less hale than before,
 Because one is missed from the circle
 Because I am with them no more!

